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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 179

Friday Morning – Columbus Place - 21 March 2003

Raffaella's House

Viviano awoke with a major reduction in his abdominal pain. Looking to his right he noticed that Raffaella had not slept in their bed. With a minimum of effort, he rolled to the side of the bed and sat up. To be sure he did not cause himself any additional pain, he waited before he stood. Viviano knew no one could see the surprise on his face when the incision pain was near zero. He took a deep breath and stepped into the bathroom. The emptying of his bladder without pain was another sign he was healing faster than expected. After flushing the toilet, he washed his hands and face, and just as he out of the bathroom, the bedroom door opened.

"What are you doing here, Colina?"

"I slept here last night," she said. "So, I could watch the children. Including Ming's boys."

"Raffaella?" questioned Viviano.

"She went to Apollonia's house," answered Colina. "She has not returned."

Viviano frowned questioning the reason Raffaella went to her sister's house. "FUCK!!!" cried Viviano. "Don't fuckin' lie to me Colina... Did she go to her sister's to confront her about the supposed death warrant that the crazy bitch put on me?"

Colina looked at the floor. He did not look up when he answered, "I think so..."

"Look at me you fuckin' cocksucker," growled Viviano. "Look me in the eye and do not fuckin' lie to me."

Colina raised his head, looked into Viviano's eyes, and said, "You're feelin' better..."

Just like Apollonia would do, Viviano slapped Colina's face open-handed with enough force to fling her against the eight drawer bureau he used for his clothing. "Yeah, I'm feelin' better, bitch!!!"

Colina regained her balance and said knowing she would piss off Viviano, "Your crazy fuckin' wife took her Beretta .32 semi to confront her sister. She was muttering something about emptying the entire magazine into her. And, the next time you hit me in the face may be the last time. I don't think Apollonia would like to know that her brother-in-law was responsible for ruining my pretty faggot face." He made a conscious effort to not rub his face as the pain caused by Viviano's open-handed slap continued to climb instead of reaching an apex and then declining.

Viviano stood for a second realizing what he had unconsciously done when he bitch slapped Colina. He moved his hands to say he was sorry before he asked, "She didn't come home last night, did she?" He was beginning to understand that his crazy sister-in-law may have murdered his wife as she had done to her mother.

"No." was Colina's response.

"Get the fuck out!!!" cried Viviano. "Get the fuck out!!!"

Colina did not respond or try to calm Viviano down. She opened the door, backed out of the room, closed it, and went downstairs to take care of the children.

Apollonia's House

It took some doing, but Apollonia had convinced Alessandro to remain with her. She made it obvious to him that if he was going to remain involved with her, he was going to have to accept the idiosyncrasies and craziness of certain, if not all, of the members of the Moretti family. Not one to debate a family's psychotic capabilities and instabilities, Alessandro knew how insane a Sicilian mob family could be. His was a few notches down the scale from the Morettis, but just the same, he understood the internecine fighting that occurred.

Their lovemaking was not passionate. Apollonia used her mouth and hands to bring him to a raging erection. Then she rolled onto her back, opened her legs, and told him to fuck her as hard as he could. He was a gentle lover. As he entered her not wanting to hurt her with the size of his cock he specifically held back as his ten-and-a-half inches slid into her lithe body. When she slapped him across his face and told him to use her cunt to masturbate, he realized she wanted to be fucked like a twenty dollar whore. To make her feel satisfied, he prolonged his orgasm and ejaculation. Alessandro pounded Apollonia. He was afraid he would hurt her, but she just kept on begging him to use all his strength as he fucked her. His orgasm was nothing short of stupendous. He pressed the full length of his Italian cock into her lithe body and filled her womb with his seed. To his surprise, the moment he finished ejaculating, she pushed him out of and off of her body. He watched Apollonia turn her back to him without a word and go to sleep.

Apollonia opened her eyes and looked at the alarm clock on her night table. It read 4:30AM. She closed her eyes and thought about how she would be awaking Ming by going down on her. She moved slightly, rolled to her other side, and saw Alessandro looking at her. "You're awake?" she said.

"I did not really sleep very well," he said. "I don't mean anything bad by it. I've never had a woman demand that I fuck her as if her body was a masturbation toy." His eyebrows rose as he nodded showing Apollonia his questioning of their mating. "I really want to have passionate loving sex with you. I want to please you. I'm not thinking that passionate lovemaking will be the case a majority of the time. I'm sorry, but I am so head-over-heels in love with you Apollonia, I just want to..."

Apollonia touched his face. His beard had started to grow in overnight. She smiled as she rubbed his cheek and said, "You have to understand that a relationship with me will not be normal in any sense of the word. I am married. He may be a she, but Colin rocked my world. He took control of my heart and soul. If it were any other man that came to me and told me he wanted to be feminized and cuckolded, he wouldn't be here now. The divorce would have taken days not weeks, months, or years. Also, Ming will never leave my side. Alessandro Bruno has to make the choice. I will accept your desire and need to separate yourself from me. But, if you stay, you stay with the knowledge that I am not going to marry you. I may or may not have children with you. And, I am going to maintain control of my

life and relationships although you may disagree with my methods. If you stay, you stay at," she stopped, smiled, and continued, "at your own risk."

To her surprise, Alessandro took her right wrist and moved her hand to his morning erection. "This should tell you how I feel about you."

She somewhat burst his bubble, "That my dear boy is your morning wood. In this house, your morning wood means nothing until and after I have felt your tongue and lips bring me off. Ever since I discovered my clitoris and masturbation, I wake up, masturbate, and then start my day." She stopped speaking, made a face like she was thinking, and said, "Sorry, I just lied to you. Sometimes I get out of bed, go into the shower, hit the one automatic setting that is set just for me, lie on the floor, and masturbate multiple times. I love the feel of the various pressures and degrees of hot water pelting my pussy."

"Fuck," whispered Alessandro, before he moved slightly down the bed and between Apollonia's legs. He slid up to the nexus of her legs where her beautiful womanhood lay open and ready. "I may not be Ming," he cooed, "but, it would be an honor to suckle your pussy every morning for the rest of my life." He placed his hands underneath her thighs at their midpoint, raised them, and with the hunger of a sexual beast attacked Apollonia's pussy.

Ming's House

Ming awoke, turned to her left, and looked at Jack who was sleeping peacefully.

They ended up in bed after they both agreed that they would tread lightly around Apollonia. But this morning, Ming was having second thoughts. Jack was an adequate lover, but no stud. Her husband was not very well hung, but that was to be expected when it came to Asian men. Jack was no Viviano or Alessandro. She estimated he was just under six inches in length and not very thick. What also pained her was his slight intransience to going down on her. She cajoled enough for him to spend maybe three minutes licking her pussy before he moved up and pushed his cock into her body. They fucked, she estimated, for about six to eight minutes before he unloaded into the condom he wore.

The alarm clock showed it was just after 5:25AM. She slipped out of her bed, into the bathroom, and performed her morning relief of her bladder. Afterwards, she washed the sleep out of her eyes, put on a robe, and went downstairs to prepare some coffee. Once the coffee was brewing she returned upstairs to find Jack already dressed. He looked impatient.

"In a rush?" asked Ming.

"Kinda," replied Jack. "I should return home and look after my children."

"Um, won't the babysitter take care of them and get them off to school?" asked Ming.

Jack relaxed, looked rather sad, and said, "I suppose so. But..."

"There is something bothering you," stated Ming. She could see it on his face and in the way he stood. "If you have something to say, say it. If something is bothering you, then we should discuss it. But, don't depart my house leaving me wondering and you sulking that you did have the strength of character to tell me what is causing you to act the way you are." Ming specifically did not elucidate that she thought he was acting like some submissive bitch.

"Is that coffee I smell brewing?" asked Jack using the question in some way to change the subject.

"Yes," replied Ming, "and we're going downstairs to have some. I will make you something to eat or not. But, we will sit at the breakfast table and talk." She turned to leave the room when she heard Jack.

"Are you going to get dressed?"

"Not right away," replied Ming.

"I thought you were going to take me home?" asked Jack.

"I can get dressed before we leave. Or if you're still uptight, I can call a car service," stated Ming. "Does my wearing a short silk bathrobe bother you?"

"I'm not used to seeing a near naked woman sitting across from me having coffee in the morning," Jack said. "But, I can get used to it."

"Good," said Ming.

They went downstairs together. She pointed to the chair that faced the kitchen. Jack sat. Ming could see the uncomfortable look on his face and the tenseness of his musculature. It took only a couple of minutes for her to bring milk, sugar, and two mugs of coffee to the table.

"I left room for milk and sugar," said Ming.

"I drink it black," said Jack. "Learned to drink it that way in the Corps."

"A Marine?"

"Aviator," replied Jack. "Flew F/A 18D Hornets. I was the front seat jock – the pilot. My navigator sat behind me."

"Shit," said Ming. "Never would have thought it. Knew you went to an Ivy, but pilot training in the Corps; that's impressive."

"Just doing what my family has historically done to defend America," stated Jack.

"So, direct to the point again Jack," said Ming. "What is bothering you?"

"I like you a lot Ming," said Jack. "What I said to Apollonia was the truth about starting, building, and consummating a relationship with you that would end in marriage. There are things that were said that really bother me. I am not very open sexually. Maybe it is my upbringing, but..."

"There is more to it than that," flatly stated Ming. "I will not believe that you were an uptight Marine pilot when you served. What I've heard about those Navy fliers would make me blush and believe me, it takes a lot to make me blush. I cannot believe that Marine fliers were not far behind the crazies that flew for the Navy. You have to be nuts to land a billion dollar plane on the deck of a moving target. You need to talk to me and the sooner the better."

Jack sipped his coffee. "Wow," he said, "where did you learn to make coffee?"

"Changing the subject are we now," replied Ming. "If you must know, Apollonia lives on coffee. It has to be so fuckin' strong and heavy a spoon can and will stand in it. Then and only then does she know it is done."

Is she a BAM?" asked Jack.

"BAM?"

Chuckling, he said, "Big Assed Marine."

Ming smiled. Took a sip of her coffee and said, "You saw her. The only thing I will say is this – she is a person you do not want to fuck with. Physically she will break you in half without breaking a sweat. She is at the highest incalculable level in several of the world's Martial Arts. Her marksmanship; well, let's just say if she were a sniper, she would hold the highest number and longest distance kills. Her intelligence is off the scale. She is a member of Mensa. Debating her is like trying to convince every Nobel Laureate that ever lived their work was secondary to her knowledge. What will absolutely make you stand in awe of her is her artistic abilities. Her house is filled with it. She has a several year backlog of commissions in painting and sculpture. Don't ever call her a BAM to her face. Unless, you want to see her kick your ass all over the lot."

"Heard and heard," said Jack. He looked down at the table as he spoke because he was embarrassed to look Ming in the eye, "I felt something last night." He paused and when Ming did not say a word, he continued, "I felt you were not overly impressed or satisfied when we made love last night. I postulated to myself that you were not impressed with my size and my abilities." Again he paused. Again Ming said nothing. He sighed and said, "There you have it."

"A very intuitive individual," said Ming. "What made you think I was not satisfied and unhappy?"

"Please Ming, I did not just fall off of the turnip truck" said Jack, "it was more than plainly obvious. You did not react to anything I tried. I hate to say it, but, you laid there like a dead fish. I tried and failed to bring you to an orgasm. I truly believe you faked it."

Under her breath, '*Fuck.*' Ming looked at Jack and decided to tell him the truth, hopefully without hurting him, "I'm so sorry Jack. I did fake it, but only to help you. I've been spoiled. Since divorcing my husband and reconnecting with Apollonia, the dildos we use are no shorter than eight-and-a-half inches. The only man I've had relations with, other than you last night, was no one. My life has been Apollonia. I was more than hoping you would break that mindset for me. I like you Jack... But, I would have to change your mindset when it comes to our sexual activities."

Surprised, Jack said, "Like?"

"Like, you ask," said Ming her forehead furled because she raised her eyebrows to their maximum height. "Like, ah fuck it... Like performing cunnilingus. Instead of a couple of really sad licks, learning to love to make love to a woman orally. Fucking is not just using my vagina to jerk off in. A woman wants to be fucked hard. Wants her tits squeezed, sucked, pinched, and twisted. And, wants to feel a man ejaculate inside her. Lastly, if we had fucked bareback, it would have rocked my world if you slid down my body and licked me to another orgasm. Sex is meant to be fun. To you it seemed like a chore. Something done to create a life. Not to enjoy for the sake of sexual pleasures."

Before Jack could answer the phone rang. Ming turned and picked it up.

"This is Ming."

"Are you up?" asked Apollonia.

"If you mean out of bed," said Ming. "Yes. We're having coffee."

"Make anything to eat?" asked Apollonia.

"No."

"Great," chortled Apollonia. "Come over. I'll cook."

"Ok," agreed Ming knowing that Colina would cook as Apollonia hasn't as much boiled a teapot of water in, well, years. "Give me a minute to put on some clothing." Ming heard a titter through the phone and said, "And no, we're not naked you perverted cunt."

Jack looked at Ming after she hung up the phone and said, "We're going to Apollonia's?"

"Yup," replied Ming, "and I am not taking no for an answer."

Apollonia's House

Apollonia and Alessandro made their way downstairs after Alessandro sucked Apollonia to three major orgasms. Apollonia reciprocated by sucking his ten inch Italian sausage and getting him so worked up by fingering his ass, that he ejaculated so hard he damn near blew her head off his cock. What turned him on the most, was ejaculating while his cock was still in Apollonia's throat. In all his years, no woman or whore for that matter was able to keep his cock in their throat and breathe while he ejaculated.

"Coffee," said Apollonia.

"Yeah. Black," replied Alessandro. "I have to ask, where is Raffaella?"

"I am thinking she crawled across the street sometime during the night. I would have heard the backdoor slam shut; so, if she isn't in the family room, she went home."

"You didn't check?" asked Alessandro.

"Why should I?" responded Apollonia answering a question with a question.

"She is your sister," said Alessandro. "She is blood and I don't give a rat's ass about your bullshit fighting, you did hurt her last night."

"She'll survive," said Apollonia. "She has in the past, as she will in the future."

Both looked towards the back hall when they both heard the backdoor slam shut. Ming and Jack entered the kitchen together. There was no sign of anything special between them. Apollonia decided not to immediately stand and go to her lover for a morning kiss. She decided to see how Ming would handle the situation.

"Good morning," said Apollonia as she rose from her chair. "Jack, please sit at the end of the table to Alessandro's left."

"Good morning Apollonia," said Jack. He looked at Alessandro and simply nodded.

Apollonia made her way into the kitchen, opened the cabinet where the coffee mugs were stored, and pulled out two. She turned to Jack and asked, "How do you take your coffee?"

Ming replied, "Like you. Fuckin' thick, black, and strong."

She poured two mugs and brought them to the table. The morning sun shone through the large window. She placed one mug in front of Jack and before she placed the other mug in front of Ming, she placed a kiss on her head. Apollonia then returned to her seat at the head of the table.

"Did you two have a good night?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes we did," replied Jack.

Just to be a fuckin' cunt, Apollonia asked, "Did you fuck Ming?"

Ming turned to Apollonia, controlled her anger, and said, "Yes Appy, we fucked last night."

"Sweet," said Appy. "We didn't make love last night. Alessandro fucked me like I was a twenty dollar whore. I wanted him to use me and abuse me. Man did I ever feel sore this morning."

"Really!!!" cried an exasperated Jack. "Really, is that all you talk about? Sex? Who fucked who? Really..."

"Damn," said Alessandro. "You some sort of prude Jack?"

"No," replied Jack. "Like I elucidated last night, I am not into open relationships. I've never partaken in a threesome, foursome, or a fuckin' orgy. Maybe I'm just an uptight asshole to you guys. My sex life is private and I'm happy that I keep it that way."

Apollonia turned to Alessandro, and mockingly said, "Must be a Jewish thing. I bet he jerks off a lot. I would love to see his Internet history. Dirty pictures or dirty stories. Any guesses???"

"ENOUGH!!!" cried Jack. "You want to know... I'll tell you. I'm not hung like a horse. I am at best a fair lover. My sexual attitude is based upon my being raped by an uncle from the age of six until I reached puberty. He stopped when I ejaculated all over the carpet on the floor of his family room. He liked smooth sissy boys who could not cum. He made me suck his cock while he watched sissy boy child pornography. He fuckin' made me suck his cock in panties, knee highs, and dresses. I have tried all my life to control my desires. They were ingrained into my brain by that bastard. I joined the Marine Corps hoping it would cure me. It didn't. I got married and with quiet psychological help and my wife, I suppressed my desires. My children helped because I could and would not hurt them. Then... Wham... Cancer... Rebekah lasted seven months. Now, I fight every living moment of my life to not rape either my son or daughter. I would stand at the elementary school and hide because I would get an erection and pray that I did not create a wet spot on my pants from dribbling precum. I am not a fuckin' pedophile. Yet, here I sit admitting to adult strangers that I desire having sex with underage children because they view me as an inadequate sexual partner. There!!! Satisfied!!!"

Apollonia, Alessandro, and Ming sat silent and in a state of shock. None of them ever expected to hear from Jack that he is fighting incestuous and pedophilic desires on a daily basis. The sun rose above the trees. The day was getting warmer for that time of year. Still, three of the four people sitting at the table were speechless. Until...

The back door slammed. Footsteps were heard. Everyone, including Jack, looked toward the back hall entrance to the kitchen. To Apollonia's surprise, Viviano and Raffaella walked into the kitchen. Apollonia jumped to her feet. Ming and Alessandro blocked her from moving towards her sister and brother-in-law.

"WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?" shouted Apollonia.

"I want you to sit fuckin' down Apollonia," growled Viviano.

"DID THAT FUCKIN' CUNT TELL YOU SHE POINTED A LOADED GUN AT ME?" roared Apollonia.

"Loaded with blanks," replied Viviano. "Five in the magazine and one in the chamber. Most it would have done to you at that distance is bruised your skin. Do you really think I would allow Raffy to hold, point, and threaten a person with a loaded weapon? She is my wife and I love her, but, she has no idea of how to handle a semiautomatic. Nor does she have the psychological underpinnings to accept murdering another human being."

Apollonia was dumbfounded. She would swear on a stack of Moretti bibles that she saw copper coated bullets in the magazine and one in the chamber. "I don't believe you Viv," stated with certainty. "Three rounds were fired and the result was three bullet holes. Want to see them?"

Viviano Rossi could not believe what he had just heard. He asked, "Where is the gun, Apollonia?"

"Fuck," said Appy. "Last night it was on the floor in the family room."

Viviano turned to his wife, "Did you bring the gun home with you?"

"No," said Raffaella.

"Then it should still be on the floor under the couch in the family room," stated Viviano as he walked towards the entrance to the family room. He found the Beretta on the floor exactly where Raffaella told him it would be. When he returned to the breakfast area, he stood next to the table between Alessandro and Jack. Viviano racked back the slide causing the bullet in the chamber to exit the weapon. It clattered on the table. Then he pushed the release and pulled the magazine from weapon and tossed it on the table.

"There is one problem Viv," stated Apollonia. "I pulled the trigger. A bullet exited the barrel. I can show you the bullet hole in the hardwood floor. I'm not going to let you blow smoke up my ass because I have committed myself to seeing both of you dead."

"Yes Apollonia," stated Viviano, "you did pull the trigger and a bullet did exit the weapon. That was the only real bullet in the weapon. I made a mistake when I reloaded the magazine. I assumed the chamber was empty." He saw the look of disdain on Apollonia's face. "I know. I know. I'm no dope around guns. But, I did make that one mistake." He picked up the magazine and with his thumb pushed the remaining two bullets out. They clattered onto the table. He picked one up, eyed it, and said under his breath, "What the fuck!!!" He looked at Raffaella which was enough to get her to babbling.

"I, I, I... Fuck!!! When I checked the gun I removed the blanks. I put real bullets into the magazine," said Raffaella.

Viviano growled, "You dumb fuckin' cunt!!! Only thing you know about guns is to pull the trigger!!!"

"Please Viv," groaned Raffy. "PLEASE..."

Apollonia saw that the bullet was a full metal jacket .32. The bullet's holes were not a fantasy. She dropped the bullet onto the table and said, "So? You just learned how stupid Raffaella can be. You thought you were smart, but she proved to be more cagy than you thought Viv. She wanted to murder me. So, now both of you are now living under a dark, black cloud of impending doom," said Apollonia.

"I can live with your death sentence," said Viviano. "It is not the first time you have threatened me with my death. Yet, here I stand. If it were just Raffaella, you, and me, I would bet that I could settle everything that is roiling in your head about me by just wiping out my dick and telling you that I'd rather fuck you than Raffaella." He turned to the rest of the people and said, "I apologize for my crudeness, but I know my sister-in-law. I know her insecurities as well as her insanity." He turned back to Apollonia, "So, what will it be Appy? There are guns in the house. Go get one. You'll just need two bullets. Raffaella and I will kneel on the floor. You can put the muzzle to the back of each our heads and pull the trigger. You can do Raffaella first, I won't move when you do her. Or, you can get off your chair, drop your jeans, and I'll shove my nine inch Italian cock up your ass. You don't fuckin' deserve it up your cunt because you're just a twisted bitch that doesn't deserve the possibility of me impregnating you."

Ming stared into Apollonia's eyes. The beautiful turquoise color with gold flecks did not change. The incontrovertible sign of an impending explosion was not evident. Ming still feared that it was on the horizon.

Apollonia burst out laughing, "Ha!!! Ha!!! Ha!!!" It lasted for at least a minute before she took a deep breath, exhaled, and said, "I don't need your fuckin' nine inch dick, Viviano. I have ten and maybe even ten-and-a-half inches of beautiful Italian cock. Alessandro fucks me and when he is done I know it. And don't tell me about the birth parties we've had where I opened my legs for you. Everyone fucks everyone else. Shit, the only person I will not let near me is Mario. And, you know why."

"Where is this going?" asked Ming. "If there is to be a resolution, I haven't heard one."

Raffaella Rossi nee Moretti made her way to where her younger sister sat. She fell to the floor by her side and looked into Apollonia's eyes. To everyone's surprise she produced a twelve inch chef's carving knife. "Here. Take it. Slit my throat from ear-to-ear. Take my head off. To satisfy your hatred of me, do not bury me next to or near Lucia. Take my body and toss it in a garbage dump. Let me rot there for eternity." She paused and offered the handle to her sister. Raffaella held it there as she said, "I have told you more than once that I owe my life to you. I always do things I regret. It would take an encyclopedia to list all of the stupid, insane things I've done to piss you off. But, my dear Apollonia, when you needed a pussy to suck and had no one you came to me. I did not deny you. I gave myself to you and then accepted a submissive role when we were sexual together. I do not regret for a minute what I have done with you, for you, to you, and against you. Although, nothing I wanted to do against you has ever come to fruition. Take the knife Appy." Raffaella raised her head and said, "Slit my whore's throat."

To everyone's exasperation, Apollonia took the knife, placed the sharpened edge against her sister's throat, and said, "You know how to get inside me and torque my jaws, Raffaella Moretti. You will continue to serve me. If you ever point a gun at me in anger again, you'd better pull the trigger." Apollonia dropped the knife onto the floor, noticed the time, and as if nothing insane had just occurred said, "Jesus Raffy, you'd better get your ass in gear. The kids have to go to school."

Raffaella Moretti pushed her sister's legs apart, leaned forward, and placed a kiss on her denim covered cunt. Nothing was said by either of them. Raffaella rose and with her head held high departed her sister's house.

"What say you Viviano?" asked Apollonia.

"I don't have anything to say," said Viviano.

"Really?" inquired Apollonia with a sense of disdain in her voice.

"I just want to get strong enough to return to work," said Viviano. "There are things that need to be completed at Moretti Construction. I know there are things that need to be completed in other areas of concern within the Moretti family. We still have to issue with the D.A. I know you will take my counsel and ask for my help with things I'd rather not enumerate here with people I do not know. As for your threat of murdering me, I can live with it. I have since I married your sister."

"Then prove it," said Apollonia. "Get on your knees, crawl over to Alessandro, take out his cock, and suck him off."

"If that is what you want," said Viviano.

Jack Greenstein couldn't believe his ears. This stud of a man was going to kneel in front of Alessandro Bruno and suck his cock. All because Apollonia Moretti told him to. *'Something is terribly wrong here,'* he thought. "Excuse me," said Jack. The tone of his voice showed his incredulous response to Apollonia's command. "Am I living in hell? Is this Dante's Inferno? The Garden of Earthly Delights by Hieronymus Bosch? Are you people that fucked up?"

"We're not fucked up, Jack," said Apollonia. "In this family, I am the boss." She leaned over, picked up the chef's knife pointed it at him, and said. "If I tell Viviano to slit your throat, he will." She dropped the knife on the table and pointed at Alessandro, "He is a different issue. He's in love with me. I love his cock. We'll come to a very agreeable pact dealing with our sexual liaisons." She then moved her hand to Ming, "You already know Ming is my lover. If I tell her to rip your balls from between your legs, she will. No questions asked. Control is of the utmost importance. The depth and breadth of the Moretti family financial and real estate holdings, make your hedge fund look like a fuckin' penny stock. So, why don't you decide? You can learn and become part of Ming's life or you can live with the hell of wanting to fuck your own children."

"You win," said Jack. His reason to agree was his desire to be rid of Jack Margolis and his wife.

"Good," said Apollonia. "Now Viv, I asked you to prove your fealty to me. Not by kissing my bare ass, but by sucking the cock that fucked me last night."

Alessandro whipped his head to his right so he could look at Apollonia. "I'll pass," he said. "There is no need to humiliate Viviano in front of Ming and Jack. I know he'll do it. And, I'm not in the mood for a blow job."

"What the fuck!!!" cried Jack. "Really!!! I don't know you Viviano, but, were you going to go down on Alessandro?"

Viv turned to Jack and simply responded, "Yes."

"WHY???" Jack cried.

"Simple," said Viviano. "I sucked Apollonia's father's cock before I walked down the aisle to marry Raffaella. When I kissed her she tasted her father's cum in my mouth. That forever sealed a bond between me and the Moretti family. I know that if I didn't go down and suck Mario's cock, I would be dead. My wife would not have a husband and my children would not have a father. That is how strong Moretti family control over me is and by extension Apollonia who is now the titular head of the worldwide family."

Jack sat dumbfounded. His uncle had the same Svengali control over him when he was a child. He shook his head, turned to Ming, and said, "Would you take me home, please?"

Ming looked at Apollonia. Apollonia looked at Ming. Something transpired between them. Ming said, "I think you should stay Jack."

Frowning, Jack asked, "Why?"

"Because," answered Apollonia, "I am going to need to get some information from you concerning Michael and Melanie Margolis."

Jack Greenstein fell back into his chair, shook his head in complete disbelief, and said, "From a desire to commit murder, to discussions of sex that should be kept private, to commands of sexual deviance, and then to asking me to stay to help with my knowledge of the Margolis'. Wow, I thought I was fucked up." He shook his head and had a realization, "Is there someplace I can make a private phone call?"

"Before you make the phone call," asked Ming, "are you going to stay?"

"Just as long as I don't have to suck any cock," said Jack totally forgetting he admitted to being a cocksucker as a child. He needed to call his administrative assistant about his absence from work. It would be unusual for him not to call and it could raise a red flag to his partner and the industry. Jack Greenstein never missed work.

"Well, we can discuss that later," said Ming. She saw the look of shock on Jack's face and said, "Just kidding. Just kidding." What he didn't know was she was getting wet thinking about him between Viviano's or Alessandro's legs sucking their cocks wearing a hot pair of panties, thigh highs, a camisole, and heels.

"What about the phone call?" asked Jack.

"Take him into the great room," said Apollonia to Ming. "Stay with him. Make him comfortable. Show him around and then return here."

Ming rose, took Jack's hand, and guided him out of the breakfast area and into the great room.

The gate house phone rang at exactly 6:58AM. Apollonia answered the phone. She closed her eyes when she heard the gate guard ask to admit Nathan. She answered in the positive without going berserk. Nathan could arrive here every day and still the idiots that worked for her father would not know to let him enter the compound first before calling. Apollonia could not wait to take over the hiring and firing of the guardhouse personnel.

Five minutes later the back door slammed shut and Nathan Childress entered the house. He was surprised to see all the people sitting around Apollonia's breakfast table except one. "Mr. Rossi, sir, what are you doing out of bed?"

"Good morning to you Nathan," said Viviano. "I'm doing a whole lot better. My pain has reduced considerably. And... Well, let's just say I had some pressing business to tend to."

Nathan shook his head, smiled, and said, "Take care of yourself, Viviano. We don't need to rush you to the hospital." He turned to Apollonia, "How may I be of assistance?"

"Give me a minute," said Apollonia. "Would you like some coffee? Something to eat?"

"I'm good Miss Moretti," replied Nathan. "I sense there is some tension in the room." He looked directly at Viviano advising him with his eyes that he knew he was lied to about his being better. Before he could continue, Ming and Jack walked back into the breakfast area from the great room. The phone call Jack needed to make was a short one.

"First, let me introduce you to Mr. Jack Greenstein," said Apollonia as she nodded to where Jack had retaken his seat at the table. "Mr. Greenstein has pertinent information that may help us with the Margolis problem."

Nathan stepped over to Jack, offered his hand, and said, "Nice to meet you, Jack."

"Nice to meet you Nathan," said Jack. Just by the way he carried himself, Jack asked, "Marine Corps?"

"Yes sir," replied Nathan.

"Semper fi," said Jack. "Not a grunt, but a F18D Hornet pilot."

"Fly boy," said Nathan. "Lots of respect for you guys. MSOC..."

Jack straightened up, pressed his back against the curve of the slats of the oak ladder-back chair, and said in awe, "Marine Special Operations Command... Now that garners more respect than me flying at twice the speed of sound. I don't know you, but you are one very special human being. You work for Apollonia?"

Nathan did not flinch or look to his boss for permission to respond. He said, "I am Miss Moretti's personal bodyguard. I won't go into detail about how I won the job, but wherever she goes, I go. Someone decides to be stupid, I quietly and quickly end his stupidity. What brings you to Columbus Place?"

'Columbus Place,' thought Jack, *'not Miss Moretti's house.'* Still in awe at the size of Nathan, Jack responded, "I spent some time with Ming. That is how I came to be here this morning."

"Nice," said Nathan. "Miss Zheng is one-of-a-kind, but I guess you already know that." Nathan turned to Apollonia and asked, "Have you heard anything from the townhouse?"

"Not as yet," answered Apollonia. "I expect to hear from Jon no later than nine AM. JoAnne and Dennis should be on the road back to Williamsport. I have the names of the individuals. We need to begin to uncover what they know. I was going to start by going to see Yurlov later this morning. I will take the chance that he is not on campus."

"Dr. Arkady Yurlov?" inquired Jack. His face showed true amazement when he heard the name and it remained on his face when he verbalized it.

"Yeah," said Apollonia. Inquisitively, "You know him? Personally?"

"I've met him in a couple of social settings," replied Jack. "Michael has been trying to get me to read some experiments and journals he's authored. Something dealing with forensics and DNA. I let my people wade through the scientific stuff and give me the Cliff Notes version. How did you come to uncover his name?"

Apollonia looked at Nathan then to Ming. She was testing their thoughts on whether or not she should bring Jack deeper into the investigative web. When she saw nothing, she looked to Viviano, who decided to rest his recovering physical body against the cupboard next to the entrance to the family room. The room became silent except for the sounds of electrical appliances. Viviano broke the silence, "I have to ask. What does Jack do? And, why would he be involved with the Margolis'?"

"Jack Greenstein is the majority partner in the hedge fund that Michael Margolis has a minority ownership in. They're partners, although Jack would like to make that partnership a thing of the past," said Apollonia.

Again Viviano, "Let's cut to the chase so I can begin to wrap my head around his being here other than fuckin' Ming last night. Does he have something on the Margolis' that will help put them behind bars or in their graves?"

"Ask him Viv," said Apollonia. "I'm sure he has nothing to hide."

Viv looked at Jack and before he could verbalize a question, Jack held up his hand.

"I have to assume beyond a reasonable doubt, that you are not at all afraid of what Apollonia said she would do to you. I have to take on face value that it was not and will not be the first time she threatened to murder you. For me, that would be a game ender. Considering all I have to come to learn and have seen, I am sure my knowledge of the Margolis family will be more than beneficial to Apollonia's cause. What bothers me is this constant bickering, threatening, and overt sexual innuendo that is considered acceptable when people gather here." Jack paused and waited for a response, but none came. Everyone had their eyes on him and Viviano remained leaning against the cupboard calmly waiting for an answer.

"What I have by my estimation is – nuclear," stated Jack. "I know that Melanie has been underhanded with some of her prosecutions. But, she is not the first and won't be the last to bend the letter of the law to her will. When I heard Dr. Yurlov's name, I knew I had at minimum to point Apollonia in the right direction. She is headed down the correct road, but I can put her at the Melanie's door. I believe I know what Melanie has on the good professor. She is using it to blackmail the man to perform certain nefarious and illegal activities for her. Not only is he under her thumb, but so is his family. So, Viv, if I may call you that, I have the proverbial ten foot pole that you can shove up that righteous cunt's ass."

As Viviano listened, he stood more erect. He raised his eyebrows and said absolutely nothing. He was a bit dumbstruck at what he had just heard. The move to stand more erect was also needed to hide the abdominal pain he was beginning to feel. He looked at the clock and knew it was not time for another opioid to ease his pain.

"Interesting," said Apollonia. "Seems a bit more dastardly than I thought. I have to ask Jack. What do you know about Kara Gold and Marshall McCool?"

Stunned, Jack asked, "Where did you get those names?"

"I have to keep that close to the vest," replied Apollonia. "But, if your information and leads prove more than viable, I'll tell you. Agreed?"

Jack picked up his coffee mug, took a mouthful, and said, "I will agree to that." He looked around and thankfully Nathan took the mug from his hand and refilled it for him. He nodded his thanks, took another mouthful, and said, "Kara Gold is the bastard child of Michael Margolis. He raped a girl in college and she is the product of that rape. Melanie found out and blackmailed her to keep her mouth shut. I know she does certain off the books computer programming for her. But, exactly what, I do not know. Marshall McCool is a low level criminal. I wouldn't put it past her to use him to do some unethical dirty work. The kind the government call black ops wet work. And, if I know the bitch, she is probably fuckin' him because Michael is not what you would call hung."

Ming interjected, "And you are?"

Jack's eyes bulged out of his head. The curve of his eyebrows could rival the St. Louis Arch in their height. He was flummoxed and humiliated by her simple interrogatory.

Ming saw his reaction and quietly said, "I apologize Jack. Truly. I am."

Jack regained his composure and said, "Thank you for the apology. But, as far as Michael Margolis goes, I know from seeing him naked in the shower at our private gym, he must be all of three inches hard. I mean..." He paused, rubbed his face in frustration, and then said, "There is nothing between his legs. His genitalia are so small it is like they don't exist."

Apollonia sat forward in her chair and said, "But you said they have some sort of nefarious child sex ring and my assumption was Michael was having sex with underage girls and boys. Am I wrong?"

"Partially," replied Jack. "Melanie is a cock slut. She loves king sized cocks. The bigger the better. If the cock is less than ten-and-a-half inches, she turns the individual down flat. Embarrasses him by making a scene about the inadequate size of the individual's manhood. She also loves prepubescent and pubescent girls. I only know from rumor about what she does with them, so I am not going to extrapolate on the topic. Michael is another story. His sole sexual pleasure comes from masturbation, as I have said. I never alluded to the size of his penis. Just the fact that he likes to whip it out wherever and whenever he can. He is a very intelligent man, but his obsession with stroking his..." Jack threw his hands up, and said with frustration in his voice, "Excuse me ladies, but it isn't a cock. Nor is it a penis. It is more like a clitoris."

Viviano chimed in, "I bet his wife is cuckolding him. You may not know it Jack, but I wouldn't put it past her based upon the information you just elucidated. What concerns me is the so called child pornography ring? Or, is it a child prostitution and slavery ring? Either way, that is something that will more than bury them."

"I wouldn't put it past Michael to commit suicide," said Jack.

"Some people says it takes strength to kill yourself," said Nathan, "for me, it's the chicken's way out. If you tempt fate and you lose, then bend over and take it. Sad thing for both of them, they won't last a day inside."

"Amen," said Viviano.

The back door opened and slammed shut. Apollonia frowned. She looked at the digital clock on the oven and knew who it was. In walked Raffaella and Colina. *'Here we go,'* thought Apollonia, *'Jack is going to freak out.'*

Raffaella made her way to her sister's side and knelt. She spread her sister's knees and place a kiss directly on her denim covered twat. Nothing was said by either of them. Raffaella did not move from Apollonia's side. She remained on the floor next to her mistress just like a slave would. Viv just shrugged his shoulders at his wife's display of servitude.

Colina stopped at the edge of the kitchen counter closest to the oak breakfast room table, eyed the people sitting around, and said without a care if he offended the individual, "Who's the Jewish guy?"

Jack frowned, "Excuse me? You walk in, your face covered in bandages, and the first words out of your mouth is who is the Jew?"

"Yeah," stated Colina. "I believe I know who you are although I've never met you. So, to open our conversation, I decided to see if you were who I think you are."

"Who do you think I am?" queried Jack.

Colina looked around the room, came back to his wife, held her gaze for a moment longer, and thought she saw something but she could not confirm it one hundred percent. The smile hurt her face, so, to mitigate the pain, she returned her gaze to Jack and said quite matter-of-factly, "You're Jack Greenstein. Majority stockholder in BlackWatch Investments. Minimum deposit is five hundred million to get into the game."

The frown on his face and the quizzical look in his eyes betrayed his incredulity that someone out of the industry knew who he was. "How?" was all he asked.

"My given name is Colin Cathcart," said Colina. "I was the CFO of an international software development company. I left when my wife, Apollonia, and I decided that to keep our marriage intact I would accept becoming a cuckold. The feminization was easy. I have been wearing female attire since I was a little boy of five. I know you because my boss wanted to invest in your company. Trouble was, if he made the investment he would have bankrupted the company. On paper it was a winner. In reality, it was being held together by paperclips and glue. So, pleasure to meet you Mr. Greenstein."

"Nice to make your acquaintance," said Jack. "Um, how do I address you?"

Colina started to smile and stopped as the pain was evident on her face. "Excuse me," she said, "but I suffered a fall and reinjured my face. But, to answer your question, I like to be treated like a female. My name is Colina."

"And you're still legally married to Apollonia?" asked Jack frowning as the words passed through his lips.

"Yes," said Colina. "Legally her last name is Cathcart. But who gives two shits about legality. Everyone knows I am her husband and everyone addresses her as Miss Moretti. I have no problems with that."

"Um-m-m..." stuttered Jack. He put his hands to his face which everyone now knew was his tell. A tell of frustration. Nothing was said by anyone, but Apollonia knew what he wanted to ask. She remained silent forcing Jack to enunciate his question. "Did you... Shit... Did you..." was all he could say.

"Yes, Jack" said Viviano knowing that Colina did not know what he was alluding to. "Colin sucked Apollonia's dad's cock before he walked down the aisle. Like I said, it is a rite of passage into the Moretti family. It has been a performed by every man marrying a Moretti woman for centuries."

"That is correct Jack," said Colina. "In fact, my dearly departed sister witnessed the act. My parents decided against attending, but they knew it was going to occur. Just as Viv did, I walked down the aisle with the taste of the cum that made the love of my life. After we were pronounced as man-and-wife, we kissed. Apollonia tasted the cum that made her on the man that was committed to their marriage and family."

"Guess I'd never pass muster if I was dating and eventually marrying a Moretti woman," said Jack. "I will take it as a fact of life within the Moretti family and leave it at that."

"The phone call you made was short," said Apollonia. "Do you have to go into your office today? Or, have you made other plans?"

"I told my admin assistant that I would not be in the office today," said Jack. "On occasion, I do take a Friday off especially if it is not looking like a busy trading day. I can accomplish what I need to over the phone or on a

borrowed computer with access to the Internet. Otherwise, my curiosity concerning the Margolis family and their interaction with you has increased exponentially."

"What would be your counsel on the best way to approach Dr. Yurlov?" asked Apollonia.

"He is Russian and by default, he is arrogant," said Jack. "I would use his arrogance against him. If you have access to things I do not want to know about, I would find something salacious and criminal to use against him. You cannot go after his wife or his children. They follow his lead. The entire family is beholden to Melanie because if they make one mistake, the world as they know it is over."

"Is there anything off the top of your head that will work?" asked Viviano. "You have to know something that will open the door to his inner sanctum. You said earlier that you know what Melanie has on him. Why not just tell us?"

"I cannot substantiate my knowledge," said Jack. "What I have can be accrued to rumor. Like a good journalist I have to warn you that I do not have proof positive."

"Why don't you leave that to us," said Ming. "We have resources that other don't. Believe me when I tell you that if you know it to be true, we will find the proof."

Jack sighed, put the fingers of his right hand to his lips, and made head movements like he was running through options before he spoke, "Dr. Yurlov earns about one hundred thirty-five thousand a year teaching and doing research at Hofstra. He lives in Old Brookville in a house that has to be valued at fifteen million. According to rumor, he bought the place for cash. No mortgage. Cash money made via a bank transfer. That is number one on the Yurlov hit parade. Second, he has been seen around Nassau and Suffolk Counties with students. That in and of itself is not worthy of an investigation. What makes it nefarious is his using of these students to import illegal antiquities into the United States. Third, it is rumored that he forces certain students to perform sexual acts for him to raise their grades. Fourth, his wife is a kleptomaniac. My estimation is Melanie blocked the FBI's access to the antiquities importation and the multiple low level retail thefts his wife was busted for."

"Can't do anything with the antiquities importation," said Apollonia. "I could make some phone calls..."

"What about using JoAnn and Dennis to uncover what he imported into the country?" asked Ming. "Customs has to have some form of documentation."

"Not at all," said Jack. "The pieces were brought in illegally. Probably packaged inside something legal. We're not talking about large pieces of furniture. I would estimate that he brought in jewelry, small paintings, and Faberge Eggs. I wouldn't put it past him to also use the students as drug mules. Going to Customs is barking up the wrong tree."

"Then it has to be his wife," said Nathan. "If she is constantly lifting goods from retail stores, then the stores should have paperwork on the thefts. We could start there. If the product taken amounted to a fairly large amount of money, then the wife would have been charged. Wouldn't the precinct have the booking data? If she is the lynch-pin to his accepting being bribed, it has to be more than retail theft. I hate to say it, but, there has to be a sexual aspect to her control."

"Could there be a relationship between Michael's bastard daughter and the professor?" asked Viviano. "Could she have attended Hofstra and taken a class or two with him?"

"I'm going to put Jon on it," said Apollonia. "I'll also have Howard Cohen begin looking into their finances. They have to have some sort of off shore account or shell corporation." Apollonia could not wrap her head around how she was going to use the ever growing amount of data concerning the Margolis'. "Jack, where do they live?" she asked.

"They live in a Victorian house in Sea Cliff," replied Jack. "Must be one hundred and twenty-five or more years old. Had the house restored from the ground up." Jack stopped for a moment and his face showed that he was reviewing something in his brain before he spoke. The snapping of his fingers brought everyone's attention back to him. "They did something that pissed off the townspeople and the elected village officials. How they got it passed is still a mystery." He paused again and looked around the table. He could see the questioning expressions on everyone's face. "They bought the two houses that were directly behind their property. By doing that, they gained access to the beach on the Sound. And, they had the village close the street and relinquish their control over it. That gave them the right to bulldoze the houses and create a private access path to the beach. At either end, they built a twelve foot security fence. Story has it that the top of the fence has glass shards in it." Jack shrugged his shoulders and simply stopped talking.

"How the fuck do you get the government of your village to permanently block a street so you can have access to a rocky beach?" asked Viviano. No one answered. Then he stated, "She has or continues to get dirt or something more on those people."

Apollonia's cellular phone rang. She looked at the screen and pressed the answer button.

"This is Apollonia."

"Miss Moretti," Jon said. "The Hingles have departed for home. The equipment is packed away..."

"How quick can it be set up?" interrupted Apollonia.

"I don't think Giuseppe or Pricilla could set it up," said Jon. There was silence on the line for a moment before he said, "I could show Pricilla how to do it. Otherwise, I would have to come here to set it up."

"True, but Viviano, Colina, and Alessandro could do it. Can't be that hard to do."

"No at all. Either way, it is in the room where they worked, covered, and readily available. Is there anything you need me to do?"

"Yeah, but I don't want to talk over the phone and I don't want to e-mail you." With some hesitation in her voice, "Could you make your way to Columbus Place?"

"That sensitive?"

"Yeah." Apollonia looked at Nathan who immediately read her face and nodded in the affirmative. "Nathan will come and get you."

"No need," replied Jon. "If it is just a meeting for information, then I will drive out to the island. This way I can go directly home to see Renee. I can begin whatever you need from home."

"Are you in your office?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Jon.

"Would you consider picking up Renee and bringing her with you?" asked Apollonia. "We could do dinner at my house."

"With all due respect Miss Moretti," started Jon, "I'd rather see where our relationship is headed. I hope you can understand that there is a wide age difference and I am really hard-pressed to accept that she really wants to be with an old retired, broken-down police detective lieutenant."

"That is all the more reason for you to bring her here," countered Apollonia. "I will not take no for answer." The pause was well placed and when she heard Jon trying to build up the strength to counter her argument, she said, "Let's say it is not a request, Jon. Do you read me?"

The exhale off air was enough to send his thoughts through the wireless signals. He was not happy, but he knew better. "As you wish Miss Moretti," said Jon. "See you by eleven."

"Earlier if possible," said Apollonia, "but, eleven is acceptable."

Per her phone manners, Apollonia ended the call without saying good-bye. "That was Jon. He'll be here by eleven the latest for me to give him his instructions. For the first time in quite a while, I am at a loss as to what we need to do to break the iron curtain that surrounds the D.A. I am open for suggestions."

Silence for a few minutes and then, "I think I have something that may work," said Alessandro. When he saw seven pairs of eyes boring into his soul, he said, "Melanie Margolis is a size queen. She doesn't know me from Adam. If there was a way I could get close to her..."

"You mean fuck her?" said Colina.

"Yeah," retorted Alessandro. "Fuck her with my ten-and-a-half inch thick Italian cock. History has proven numerous times that information is easily gained when two people are intimate. What I need is some really good avenues of attack so I can gain her confidence and hopefully pry some secrets from her."

"I think it is going to take too long," countered Viviano, "for you to wine and dine her. I am of the opinion that she is too fuckin' tight with her illegal activities. No matter how big your cock is, she is not going to open the flood gates because her cunt is sore and is leaking your splooge. I disagree with that approach."

"I'm trying," said Alessandro.

"Yes you are," said Apollonia. "Any other ideas? We need to move rather quickly because of Mario's case." She waited a moment before she simply said, "Coffee."

"Yes Mistress," said Colina. "How about I make a fresh pot." With that he moved into the kitchen and proceeded to empty the carafe, clean the gold filter, grind fresh Starbucks French Roast, add two tablespoons of espresso to the French Roast, and pour cold filtered water into the coffeemaker. The smell of fresh brewed coffee filtered throughout the kitchen and breakfast area.

Apollonia was antsy and everyone could see it as she sat at the head of the table. There had to be a solution to their Margolis problem. Finding one in a short period of time was the issue. The fact that they had her three underlings proved somewhat helpful, but the ten foot pole Jack spoke of was not really a home run. It was incomprehensible to Apollonia that a solution was not forthcoming. There were some very smart people in the room. It could be seen that all of them were trying to come up with a plan that would work.

"Jack," said Ming, "you stated that Melanie is into young girls and boys. I heard somewhere that Michael and Melanie have land in the Adirondacks. Not just a small piece, but several hundred acres. Could it be possible that somewhere up there is a hidden cabin or house? That it is kept hidden to keep the dirty little secret of her pedophilia. It would be a perfect place for her to do her deed and offer to other special people access to their child of choice."

"Fuck me!!!" said Jack. "There is that possibility. They go upstate at least every other weekend. I cannot confirm that they bring the poor children with them, but, I would surmise that they have people to do their dirty work. The first name on the list would be Marshall McCool."

"We could abduct him," said Raffaella from the floor. "Bring him to the townhouse and use what we need to get information from him. We'll have to be sure that when we grab him we are not seen and that he has not communicated his whereabouts with anyone. If he expires, then we'll hope he expired after he gave up what we need to know."

Apollonia glanced down at her sister and said, "Get up and sit at the table. You've been on the floor long enough."

Raffaella smiled, pushed open her sister's legs, and placed a kiss on her denim covered vagina. It was only when that act of contrition was completed did she stand and instead of sitting, went to stand next to her husband where she used her left hand to clasp her husband's right.

"Do you think he knows about what goes on upstate?" asked Apollonia.

Shaking his head from side-to-side Jack said, "I don't fuckin' know. The only way to find out would be to tail him twenty-four seven. Or, grab him and do what you need to do to get whatever you need from him. I am going to assume that the end game for McCool would be a grave."

"Not really," said Viviano. "If we grab him, no one will know. His body will never be found because it will not exist anymore. Anyone trying to find him will be frustrated because they will come to a dead end about his possible kidnapping and ultimate whereabouts. We're not worried about what it will take to get him to talk."

"Are we agreed that we should grab him, take him to the townhouse, and use whatever means we need to extract information from him?" asked Apollonia.

"My question is simple," said Alessandro becoming more attuned to the family and wanting to be part of it. "Is there another venue where he could be taken? I ask, because the townhouse is in the middle of the city."

"Not an issue Alessandro," said Apollonia. "The basement is quite safe and it is set up to do what we need."

"Oh," was all he said in response to finding out a bit more about the Moretti family and the townhouse."

"I am going to take the silence as agreement," said Apollonia. "Nathan, do you think you could grab the guy without any trouble?"

The smile was from ear-to-ear on Nathan's face. "As long as I have forty-eight hours to tail him, I know I will be able to grab him and leave no traces."

"Jack," said Nathan, "do you know where we can find this asshole?"

"If I am correct," said Jack, "I believe every afternoon at two he is in Hell's Kitchen dippin' his wick." Jack could see the looks he was getting and said, "The only reason I know is Michael has invited me to an executive whorehouse there. He goes on occasion, but I don't think it is to get laid. Wouldn't put it past him to sit behind a two-way mirror, watch, and jerk off."

"And you're sure this McCool dude goes there every day at two?" asked Nathan.

"I'd bet my life on it Marine," said Jack in response.

"I have a start Miss Moretti," said Nathan, "but, I am hard pressed to leave you alone especially when you decide to travel."

"Not an issue Nathan," said Apollonia. "I'll start to carry and I have Ming."

"Yes you do," said Nathan trying to keep from laughing.

"So we're agreed," stated Apollonia. "Nathan will go to Hell's Kitchen, find the whorehouse, and hopefully make contact with this McCool character. I will leave it up to Nathan when to grab the guy. I will notify the townhouse to expect Nathan with another visitor."

"Excuse me, Miss Moretti," started Nathan, "but, will Giuseppe be able to handle the situation considering his loss?"

"I will talk to him," replied Apollonia. "He knows better than to make Sienna's passing an issue."

Colina came to the table, collected the coffee mugs whether they be empty or full, and returned to the kitchen to wash them. When he was done, he called out, "Who wants fresh coffee?"

Apollonia, Alessandro, and Jack raised their hands. Colina poured three mugs and brought them to the table. He placed Apollonia's first, Alessandro's second, and Jack's third. As he placed the mug in front of the billionaire hedge fund owner he whispered, "When you're ready to try something new, contact me."

Jack turned his head and stared at Colina not knowing what to answer the man, woman, or what. He was not homophobic in the least. His company supported gay, lesbian, and transgendered rights going against the tide of corporate America. Instead of verbalizing an answer, Jack just nodded somewhat imperceptibly.

"Fuckin' Colina," stated Viviano. "Did you just proposition Jack? I swear you're nothing but a fuckin' cum dump slut. What is the matter? Not enough male nurses for you to suck off at St. Joe's?"

"Before you accuse me," started Colina, "look in the mirror..."

"ENOUGH!!!" cried Apollonia. She looked at Jack and asked, "Did Colina say anything to you?"

Jack saw the look of fear in Colina's eyes and decided not to play the game. "Yes he did," replied Jack. "He asked me if I liked my coffee black because he had filled the mug to the top. She left no room for milk or sugar."

"BULLSHIT!!!" crowed Viviano. "Just by the look on your face and your inability to respond, I know she offered her faggot orifices to you. I know the prick. How? I've fucked her more times than I care to think about. Mario has fucked her. Her fuckin' wife has fucked her, but that frustrates her because she gets no reward. A sissy fuckin' lives for cum and an ersatz cock produces no cum. Isn't that right Colina?"

Colina remained in the kitchen area as she fell back against the counter in front of the sink. All she wanted was a cock she'd never had before. Why was that so difficult to accept? She turned her head to the breakfast table and said, "Yes, I did offer him a tryst. What is so bad and so offensive that I wanted to try something new? He is a very handsome man. I'm a sissy, faggot, cuckold, cocksucker, and bottom boy. I would love to have him give me the essence of his body." Colina looked directly at Viviano and said, "Yeah, I am a cum dump and you've had no issues about using my holes. So, there!!!"

Jack had enough. He pushed his chair back, stood, and asked, "Any chance someone could take me home. I'd like to spend the day recovering from last night and this morning. What I've seen and heard will never be mentioned by me to anyone other than Apollonia or Ming. The market is open and I can review my scheduled trades and be available for my people to come to me with issues."

"Miss Moretti," said Nathan, "why don't I take Jack home and head to the city? In fact, if you're thinking about having Jon help me, wouldn't it be better for you to call him and advise him to meet me somewhere convenient?"

"I see no issue with you taking Jack home," stated Apollonia, "but, do you need Jon?"

"It would help," replied Nathan. "I believe it will be easy to pick up this McCool character by myself. I'm just hedging my bet."

Showing her intuitive side, Apollonia said, "Better to do it by yourself. I'm not going to put a retired Detective Lieutenant in a position where he could possibly get arrested and lose his pension. Just have to hear you say it again, can you pull it off by yourself?"

"Not an issue Miss Moretti," said Nathan. "I have carte blanche when it comes to what I need to pull off the abduction?"

"Absolutely," replied Apollonia.

"Then, it's a go," said Nathan. He turned to Jack and said, "I'm ready if you are?"

Jack stood, looked at Ming hoping she would at least accompany him outside, and when she did not rise from her seat, he knew their budding relationship was a non-starter. He turned his gaze to Apollonia and said, "Thank you for your hospitality. You have nothing to worry about. My silence is something you can depend upon. I am not scared. I know when to speak and when to button my lip. It was nice meeting you all." Jack turned to leave following Nathan to the back door.

Ming rose and said, "Wait..."

Jack stopped just as he was about to enter the back hallway, turned, and said absolutely nothing.

Ming closed the distance between them, took Jack by his forearm, and guided him into the back hallway. She stared at Nathan who took the cue and made his way into the mud room. Ming knew he was waiting because she did not hear the door open and slam closed. With just a modicum of force, Ming pressed Jack against the wall. Her right hand fell to his crotch. She cupped his genitals and leaned in to kiss the startled man. Their lips met, opened, and it was Ming who pressed her tongue into Jack's mouth. He did not make a move to take control of their kiss because he was stunned over her grabbing his genitals. Ming broke the kiss but kept her hand clutching Jack's junk.

"I know you," said Ming. She saw in his eyes he wanted to respond. Her hand tightened just enough to tell Jack to listen and he nodded. "I know you," Ming repeated pausing a moment before she continued, "I know on a daily basis you make trade decisions amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars. When you leave your office you are physically and mentally spent. Washed out from the daily grind of making your clients money. You arrive home and want nothing more than to relax and let your wife make all the decisions and do all of the work. I'm sorry for your loss. I don't know if your wife could discern your change in personality and emotional needs the way I have in the short period of time I've known you. That is why you are standing pressed against the wall with my hand cupping your junk. You want to be told what to do. You wanted to have your wife be the one to control you at home. When she passed you lost because you had to be the alpha around your children at home. You miss being submissive. You could not be one now that she is gone..."

"Oh my God," moaned Jack.

"What is in my hand is too small for me. You know that, but I am willing help you. You think about how it could and would be between us. I am the dominant. You are my bitch. During the day while you are at work, you will be the corporate and financial alpha. The minute you depart your office, you return to the submissive bitch you are. I will make you dress like your uncle did when appropriate. You will do as I say willingly and lovingly. Think about it and let me know later tonight. If I don't hear from you by tomorrow morning, don't bother ever talking to me again. If I don't hear from you, then I will also assume that you are working for your partner's wife. When I tell Apollonia my gut feelings, your life as you know it will cease to exist."

Ming did not give Jack an opportunity to respond to her last incredible accusation. She released his junk, placed a chaste kiss on his cheek, turned, and walked back into the kitchen.

Jack stumbled down the hall to the mud room where he turned, met Nathan, and departed Apollonia's house.

Ming returned to the breakfast table, sat, looked into Apollonia's eyes, and said, "By tomorrow morning I will know if Jack is a bullshit artist or a true workaholic alpha male that reduces to a submissive bitch when he is not in his work environment."

Nothing was said by anyone sitting or standing in the breakfast area.

Viviano wrapped his arm around Raffaella's shoulders before he spoke, "I'm headed home. I will call Mario and then call the office. I will make sure everything is under control. Then I will relax because I am going to return to work this coming Monday. I will not let Moretti Construction fall into disrepair."

Viv stepped over to Apollonia, bent, and kissed her on the forehead. He moved slightly and whispered, "Thankfully I know your gamesmanship. Without me, your father and sister will make your life more than miserable. Just do me a favor, when you have the time take Alessandro upstairs and fuck his brains out." He stood and with Raffaella at his side, exited Apollonia's house.

"What the fuck was that about?" asked Ming.

"Viv just wanted to let me know that he was not scared or worried that I would murder him like I did my mother," replied Apollonia. She looked at Ming and then to Alessandro and deadpanned, "He said I should take Alessandro upstairs and fuck his brains out."

"Why don't you???" asked Colina.

The smile on his wife's face was scary yet funny. Apollonia turned to her sissy and said, "Because I have things to get done. But, you, on the other hand, should have no issues taking him into your room and sucking his cock only the way I know you can. And, if you're really good, you can edge him and when he is begging, turn around and offer him your sissy pussy. Then you can make dinner with cum dripping from your used anal pussy."

Ming chuckled knowing that her lover was just jerking Alessandro's chain. With malice aforethought Ming turned to Alessandro, obscenely licked her lips, and before she spoke, gave the universal sign of a blow job by pushing her tongue against the inside of her right cheek. "Just think Alessandro, you get to use a true cuckold sissy for your pleasure. Why wouldn't you turn down a free blow job and or anal intercourse with a sissy that wants nothing more than your cock? Damn!!! Go get him!!!"

Frustrated and horny, Alessandro stated emphatically, "I am not into homosexual activities. I did what I did with Colina to satisfy Apollonia. I'd rather just have a really bad set of blue balls than have some sissy suck my cock. How's that for an answer?"

"It is an answer, but, if we are to become a couple," stated Apollonia with conviction, "then it will be imperative that you satisfy my cuckold sissy. He will be between my legs sucking your cum from my just fucked twat. He will at my command fluff you and clean you. If I am not available to you and he is home, then I expect you to use him to relieve the pressure in your testicles. Once you are one hundred percent comfortable with our relationship, I will introduce you as my special lover and give you the opportunity to spread your seed by creating babies for women who have only one chance to conceive. You'll be fucking more pussy than you will care to think about. In fact, I know men who gave up making Moretti babies because they could not keep up with the demand."

Before Alessandro could respond, Apollonia's cell phone sounded.

"This is Apollonia."

"M-m-miss M-M-Moretti," stuttered Pricilla. "T-t-there is a p-p-problem..."

Apollonia heard the fear in the young girl's voice. It became imperative that she calm the teenager down. With a calm and soothing voice, Apollonia said, "Pricilla please calm down. Take a few deep breaths and when you're ready tell me what is happening."

Five minutes passed before Pricilla spoke.

"Giuseppe told me to call. The elderly man in the basement is dead," said Pricilla. "I don't know what to do. Please, Miss Moretti..."

"Where is Giuseppe?" asked Apollonia.

"He is somewhere in the building. Please Miss Moretti..." said Pricilla a bit calmer than when she called. "I'm so sorry Miss Moretti. Please tell me what I need to do and I will take care of it."

"That sounds much better," said Apollonia. "You are to find Giuseppe and tell him to call my Uncle Gino. He will know who. If he gives you any shit, call me, and I will talk to him directly. Apparently, he is rather pissed off at me for taking Sienna from him. I don't give two shits. I will rip his useless testicles from between his legs if he doesn't do what you ask of him. So you know, Uncle Gino will pick up the body and take it to his mortuary. There he will cremate it. Do you understand?"

"Yes Miss Moretti. I will find him and tell him. If you don't hear from me again, then you'll know I have taken care of this business," said Pricilla.

The next thing the young teenager heard was the sound of silence. She knew Apollonia just terminated the connection without saying good-bye.

"Something wrong," inquired Ming.

"Yeah. We have a head to send to the Vatican. Seems the old pedophile priest succumbed to his death. Don't know if he died of old age, fright, or having Marco fuck his ancient ass," said Apollonia. The coffee mug went to her lips, she took a sip, and said to Ming, "What is it you think is going on with Jack?"

"I shouldn't verbalize it," said Ming. "I have this uncanny feeling he is tossing shit up against the wall. I think he may be working for the D.A."

"I didn't see that," said Apollonia.

"You didn't sleep with him last night. When he told us about his rape as a child, I did not see the controlled humiliation a survivor displays. He is a submissive outside of his office. There is a strong possibility he is under Margolis' thumb. What we know about her is her need to control and dominate. For all we know, his wife was her bitch too. But that is all supposition."

"Did you confront him?" asked Apollonia.

"Yeah. I grabbed his meager junk, squeezed, and told him what I thought."

"How did he react?"

Ming chuckled, "Like a scared little boy."

Jack's Ride Home

When they exited Apollonia's house, Nathan went to the passenger side rear door and opened it. He motioned to Jack, but Jack stood his ground.

"Something wrong, Jack?"

Jack looked down for a split second, then back up to Nathan's eyes, and said, "I really do not do well sitting alone in the back of a vehicle. I have this conscious issue with being perceived as some rich bastard that has people drive him around. I would much prefer to sit in the front seat. Naturally on the passenger side."

The rear door closed with a bang. Nathan opened the passenger side front door and waited for Jack to take his seat before closed the door. Upon entering the driver's side, he said, "Be sure to buckle up."

Jack nodded, pulled the seat belt around his waist and across his should before he slipped the male end into the female receptacle. Without looking at Nathan, he asked, "Do you know where you are going?"

"Yeah, I do," replied Nathan.

As the Lincoln Town Car motored down Columbus Place, Nathan noticed two interesting things. First, was the fact that the main gate was opening as it approached. He knew Apollonia had to have called the gatehouse; because if she hadn't, the gate would remain closed until he had exited the car, entered the gatehouse, and asked the private guard to open the gate. The second interesting thing was the way Jack was sitting. His knees were together and his hands were specifically sitting on his lap covering his genitals.

Nothing was said between the men until Nathan turned the Lincoln Town Car into the long driveway that led to Jack's spectacular house. After placing the Town car in park, but before opening his door, Nathan turned to Jack and asked, "Is there something wrong? You sat there covering your genitals like a frightened little boy. Talk to me, Jack."

"I'm afraid of..."

"Apollonia or Ming or both of them?" asked Nathan.

"Neither," said Jack. "I'm afraid of myself. All I've been thinking about is how I could get you to let me blow you."

Nathan's hand moved like lightening to Jack's head. He pressed his palm against Jack's left temple and pressed his head against the passenger side window. While holding his head in place, Nathan said, "Do you have some sort of death wish? Blow me... What is your problem?"

Totally relaxed and not afraid of what could happen to him, Jack whispered, "My uncle did this to me. He forced me to do things as a boy and one of them was to be a black man's bitch. Nothing has been more ingrained into my memory then sucking big black cock." Jack paused, took a deep breath before he continued, "Ming thinks I'm working for the D.A. That couldn't be farther from the truth. I hate the bitch. But, seeing you walk into the house was more than I could take. I wanted to crawl to you and with my forehead against the floor ask you to let me suck your cock."

Nathan released his hold on Jack's head. He opened his door. Walked around the car and opened the passenger door. He saw Jack sitting with a large wet spot on his pants. Nathan sighed and said, "Listen man, I'm not into one millionth of the shit my boss is into when it comes to sex. But, if I were fuckin' your wife and she wanted me to humiliate you, then I would. But your wife is dead. I'm not going to ask you to do anything with your children. Not my thing. You've cum in your pants and what you need to do is go into the house, take a shower, and calm yourself down. If you are serious about getting your partner out of your life, then help us get the bastard and his wife. Understood?"

Jack released his seat belt, turned, and rose from the passenger seat. As he stood somewhat close to Nathan he said, "I do understand. And, I want to help you. But, please do not say anything about what I just asked you. I will tell you that Ming has my number. By this time tomorrow afternoon, I will be her bitch. If I don't accept my place with her, they will assume that I am working for Melanie. I hate the arrogant cunt. I will do anything to get that bastard out of my business and my life."

"I understand," said Nathan.

"I hope you do, because, I know I am going to jerk off many times thinking about pleasuring you. It is my sickness and please, please do not hold it against me," said Jack.

The tall muscular black man did not answer. He put his hand on Jack's back gently guided him away from the car and towards his house. When he was far enough away, Nathan returned to the driver's seat, started the Lincoln, and followed the driveway back to Ocean Avenue. As he guided the car towards Rockaway Turnpike, he thought to himself, *'That man has issues that I do not want to think about.'* It took Nathan a good ten minutes to calm down, but calm down he did. He checked the clock on the dashboard and saw he had to make good time to get into the city to be in Hell's Kitchen prepared to snatch McCool.

The Meeting at Apollonia's

Jon arrived shortly before 11AM. The gate guard stopped him, made the call to Apollonia's house, and finally pressed the button to open the gate allowing Jon and Renee to drive onto Columbus Place.

"A private enclave, Jon," said Renee. "Have I entered the world of The Godfather? Is Marlon sitting in the backyard drinking red wine?"

The smile on Jon's face was just short of laughing at Renee's simple fun questions about the Moretti compound. He responded somewhat casually, but he had to make a point to the young girl that rocked his world, "Please do not do anything stupid. Apollonia will give you the shirt off her back as long as you understand the who, what, when, and how of this family. I know you were joking, but this is serious business."

Renee reached across the seat, laid her hand on Jon's thigh and said, "I do understand. Just please give me the latitude to be who I am and I know they will accept me for who I am."

Jon pulled in front of Apollonia's house facing the wrong way. He saw Alessandro's car parked facing his and noted that Apollonia's Town Car was nowhere to be seen. He assumed correctly that Nathan was on his way to the city. He exited the car, took Renee's hand, and guided her up the walk to the front doors. He rang the bell and waited.

The front door opened and Colina said, "Good morning Jon. Come in. Everyone is in the breakfast area. Just go on back."

"Thank you," said Jon.

"What is this place?" A museum?" asked Renee.

"This is Apollonia's home," replied Jon. "She is a very accomplished artist and sculptor. Everything you see here was done by her."

Under her breath, but in awe, Renee said, *'Fuck...'*

Apollonia stood, came around the oak breakfast table, and greeted Jon and Renee as they entered the kitchen/breakfast area of the house. "I take that this young lady is Renee. Nice to make your acquaintance. I am Apollonia Moretti. Please sit at the end of the table. Is there anything I can get you?"

Jon moved to the table, but Apollonia blocked Renee's access. The young girl did not know how to take the bodily intrusion and just stood waiting. Apollonia was taller than her. And, to her chagrin, was light years more beautiful than she thought. If she was reading the situation correctly, this woman who she just met was telling her with her body that she wanted her. Renee got just a wee bit wet at the thought, but controlled her body and said, "Excuse me, but I do not want to push past you Miss Moretti."

The smile on Apollonia's face was real. "Oh, pardon me. I have a habit of staring at something that takes my breath away." Apollonia stepped aside and said, "Please, take your seat and I'll introduce you to everyone."

Renee sat, listened, and nodded as Apollonia introduced Ming, Alessandro, Raffaella, Viviano, and last but not least her sissy. The girl could not ascertain if she was the same age as Apollonia or younger. What she could not believe for a moment was how beautiful a creature the woman could be. She looked over to the woman she introduced as her sister and could really see the difference in the women. Still, Renee had to fight thinking about what it would be like to be between Apollonia's legs. To make things somewhat easier for her, she spoke up, "Um, any chance I can get a cup or mug of coffee?"

Colina responded from the kitchen area, "How do you take it?" His eyes twinkled and the reasoning behind it flew directly over Renee's head.

"Black with a small amount of sugar," she responded, "to take away a bit of the bitterness."

"Jon?" asked Colina.

"Black, as always," responded Jon.

Two minutes later Colina came around from the kitchen and placed two mugs of coffee in front of the two additional guests. He returned to the kitchen, leaned against the counter in front of the sink, and quite openly stared at the girl who had to be no older than his wife. Unconsciously, he licked his lips as he thought about slipping his sissy clit into her.

"Enough!!!" cried Apollonia. She had witnessed Colina's stupidity and decided to make a fool of her husband. "Get over here now, faggot!!!" she growled.

Without a word Colina came around the counter and stood next to the end. Her bandaged face looked down at the floor. She knew she was in for a world of verbal hurt.

"Tell the young girl why you are dressed as you are and why your face is bandaged," demanded Apollonia.

Her eyes pleaded with her wife to relieve her of her humiliation; but, to her chagrin, her eyes told her she'd better comply.

Turning to Renee, Colina said, "I am actually Miss Moretti's husband. I am a sissy cuckold faggot. I have given my life to serve my wife because although I am not a man's man, we do love each other unconditionally. You may not believe the unconditional part, but believe me, I know she would do for me what I would do for her. My face is bandaged because she became extremely angry at me and forgot how strong she can be. I want to apologize for making lurid movements directed at you Miss Renee. By my agreement with my wife, I am only allowed to have sexual relations with men. I apologize."

Apollonia stared at Renee and spat, "No need to respond to her."

Colina took the hint and returned to her spot in front of the sink.

Jon would rather have remained in the city, but his employer called and he came. Now that the bullshit with Colina was over, he asked, "Miss Moretti, you asked me to come because you said it was of the utmost importance. You also stated it had to be face-to-face. With Renee here..."

"That is easy," replied Apollonia. She turned to Raffaella, "Sister, please take Renee into the great room and show her my work. If you need to, go upstairs to my atelier and show her my work-in-progress. I hope this meeting should not take more than thirty to forty-five minutes."

Raffaella let go of her husband's hand, stepped over to the young woman, offered her hand, and led the girl into the great room. "You are going to be amazed at my sister's abilities," said Raffy as she guided Renee away from the breakfast table.

Once they were out of earshot, Apollonia said, "Jon, we have information concerning the three individuals the Hingles uncovered. Through no fault of her own, Ming met an individual that has given us a wellspring of information on Melanie and her husband. I need you to do some sleuthing for me. You'll need some of your NYPD contacts, but do not, and I repeat, do not make contact with the two detectives from the Attorney General's Office and the state police."

"Understood," stated Jon. "What did you find out and what do I need to do?"

"Does the name Jack Greenstein mean anything to you?" inquired Apollonia.

"Only that he is some rich dude on Wall Street," replied Jon.

"Owns a very private hedge fund," stated Apollonia. "His partner is Michael Margolis. The same Michael Margolis that is married to Melanie Margolis. Seems he lives in Lawrence and met Ming picking up his kids. To make a long story short, he spent the night, fucked Ming, and then told us how much he hates the Margolis'."

"Really Appy," groaned Ming, "you had to put that into the conversation."

Apollonia pursed her lips, blew an air kiss to Ming, and said, "Yes, I did. Why? Because I love you." She picked up her mug, took a gulp of coffee, and continued without a hitch, "I am going to call Howard to have him begin a deep background check of Greenstein and well as the Margolis'. It has come to our attention that Michael and Melanie are perverts beyond the pale. Michael is a habitual masturbator while Melanie is a pedophile of the worst sort. Apparently, they own several large tracts of land in the Adirondacks. What I need from you, Jon, is your ability to dig into the police databases and use your contacts to uncover anything and everything that may have been buried to cover up what the Margolis' are doing. Dr. Arkady Yurlov and his wife are your second investigative job. She is a kleptomaniac. You need to uncover as much of her arrests as you can. I would guess the preponderance of them will be found in Nassau and Suffolk Counties. Thirdly, I need you to uncover what you can about Kara Gold. She is Margolis' bastard child from a rape he did in college. We believe under duress she does computer programming for his wife. We also believe she may be enslaved by Melanie. Got it?"

Jon nodded in the affirmative. Then he asked, "What about this Greenstein guy?"

"He is not posing a problem in the least," responded Apollonia. "Jack just wants to get rid of his partner and by extension his partner's wife. By his own words, he hates his fuckin' guts. You also need to get as much information on the McCool guy. I need that within twenty-four hours."

"I'm sorry Apollonia," said Jon, "but this could have been done over the phone."

"Probably," replied Apollonia, "but, you work for me. If you feel that I am not using your time to the best of its possibilities, then, you can always quit. I won't hold anything against you. I want you to succeed. I want you to have enough money to live the rest of your life in the lap of luxury." She paused deciding to bring Renee into the mix, but decided against it. "Why I wanted you here is simple. Nathan is on his way into the city to find an executive

whorehouse in Hell's Kitchen. Seems McCool goes there every afternoon at two to dip his wick. Nathan is going to abduct him and bring him to the townhouse."

"What the fuck are going to do to him?" asked Jon.

"We are going to use enhanced interrogation techniques to get him to give us all he knows about the D.A." stated Apollonia.

"Enhanced techniques," laughed Jon. "You're going to torture the bastard. That is fuckin' illegal."

With her eyebrows raised, lips pursed, and eyes wide open Apollonia said, "Yeah. And I intend on getting my answers no matter what it takes. That bitch is not going to fuck with the Moretti family. She is going to rue the day she fucked with me." Appy paused, frowned and asked, "Is there a problem?"

"Not really," said Jon. "I've gone to the dark side the day after I met you. I shouldn't say this, but, I do not want to jeopardize my pension."

"I have told you on more than one occasion that I will never put you into a position where you have to compromise your status as a retired Detective Lieutenant. What I need from you," stated Apollonia, "is background. I believe Melanie has buried some inflammatory information about her and her husband."

"What?" asked Jon.

"We believe she is involved with or actually controls a child slavery and prostitution ring," stated Apollonia.

"Fuck me," was all Jon said.

"Are you going to help or do I need to find someone else?" asked Appy.

"Nothing more need to be said," stated Jon. "I have the names and addresses of the individuals. I will do what I can to uncover what I can. What about the two detectives from state?"

"When I have what I believe is the final nail for her coffin, we'll call them. For now, stonewall them," said Apollonia.

Jon just nodded. Apollonia could see he wanted to leave. She figured he would like to bang his girlfriend before he began what could be a very time consuming endeavor.

"You want to leave, Jon?" asked Apollonia.

Frozen for a moment, Jon regained his composure and said, "If you wouldn't mind. I know you wanted us to stay for dinner, but..."

"But you'd like to fuck your girlfriend..."

Renee stood absolutely still at the entrance into the breakfast room. She heard what Jon and Apollonia just said. She answered for her lover, "Yes, I would love to fuck his brains out. That is what we had planned for this afternoon. Unless, you'd like to join us. I mean, what-the-fuck... Why don't we all get naked and have an orgy. That would be one hell of a way to spend the afternoon. Then we have dinner and as after dinner aperitifs we fuck and suck some more. I'm game."

"RENEE!!!" cried Jon.

Apollonia and Ming were laughing. Alessandro and Viviano were surprised by the young woman's outburst. Colina surreptitiously slid his hand to his sissy clitty and gave it a squeeze.

Before anyone could answer, Renee said, "I just came down from Miss Moretti's atelier. The painting of Christ is more than a painting. Anyone who paints a picture of the son of God on the cross using microscopic portraits of people fornicating, sucking, and whatever else she portrayed is one sick but very talented individual. Jon is not going to like what I am about to say, but I would jump his bones now if I could."

Again, "RENEE!!!" cried Jon.

"Something wrong, Jon? Just because I want to express my desire for you," said Renee smiling from ear-to-ear.

Much more calmly, Jon said, "Miss Moretti is my employer. Kissing you in public, holding hands, ogling, and whatever else we would do is fine but, I would never partake in any exhibitionist sex with you. I am old enough to be your father or even your grandfather. Please just stop it."

Renee's face sunk, but she understood why he was being so closed minded. The truth of it all, it took some doing for her to get him to go down on her after he ejaculated into her womb. Renee relented by walking over to him, kissing his cheek, and saying, "I promise to be good."

The breath that Jon released was the culmination of his trying at all costs to keep calm. He looked at Apollonia and asked, "Do I really need to stay? I could start the investigative work when I return home."

"Just confirm to me that you will have sex with Renee first," asked Apollonia as her eyes rolled in her head and her legs opened and closed making a mockery of Jon's desire to leave so he could have private time with his very young lover.

Jon pushed back his chair, stood, and with a bit of tenseness in his voice, said, "Would you like to me fuck her here on the breakfast table?"

It wasn't Apollonia who responded, but Colina chimed in, "I would love that!!! I know neither of you experienced a sissy sucking your genitals while you fornicated." Feigning he was going to move from the sink, Colina raised his hands to his small pert sissy breasts and said, "Hmmm... Sex on the breakfast table!!! What a wonderful lunch!!!"

"ENOUGH!!!" cried Apollonia. "Jon sit for a moment longer. I need to call Howard. After I bring him up to speed, you'll have to go to his office and give him the particulars. I'm not going into detail with him. Since you want to leave, then you'll have to do that for me."

Finally calm, he looked at Renee, pursed his lips as he turned to Apollonia and said a simple, "OK."

Apollonia's phone call to her attorney took longer than she expected. She reached him on his cellular phone and was immediately told by him he was extremely busy. Rather than ruin his afternoon of masturbating while watching two teenaged girls rolling around eating each other pussy or using strap-on dildoes on each other, Apollonia ended the call and waited. She released Jon reminding him that he would have to go to Howard's office before the close of business today. She impressed upon him the need to keep everything very close to the vest. The fact that Howard was not in his office did not stop Apollonia from informing Jon that she will make sure that Howard returns to his office after he finishes his business.

Jon and Renee made their way to the front door accompanied by Apollonia. She shook Jon's hand, but gave Renee a full embrace. Being the cunt that she was, Apollonia whispered in Renee's ear, "Any time you want, I would love to spend some quality time with you. Alone. Just the two of us."

Renee did not verbalize her answer. The twinge of sexual energy that ran throughout her body was answer enough. "Nice to meet you Miss Moretti. If Jon would allow, maybe we could have lunch together someday."

Apollonia touched the girl's cheek, smiled, and answered, "That would be nice."

As Jon and Renee walked down the front path to Jon's car, he said, "Remember she is my boss. If you get involved with her and get hurt, do not come crying to me."

Renee stopped as they reached the passenger side of the car, touched Jon's crotch because they were hidden by the car from being observed, and said as she caressed his growing manhood, "Does she know how wealthy I am? I am in love with you Jon. I have no problem saying it to your face. I just need for you to accept who I am and what I intend to do with my life."

Jon pushed her hand from his crotch. He leaned in and kissed her on her cheek. Then with a voice filled with controlled anger, he said, "Her wealth makes yours look like a piggy bank. Her intelligence is far superior to yours. As I said, you get involved with her and I promise she will control your life. Oh, she will allow us to be a couple, but if we were ready to be intimate and she called, you'd jump out of bed and go to her. That is the kind of power she has over both men and women."

"Really..." was all Renee could say.

"Trust what I am telling you," said Jon. "If you stay with me, then I am begging you to stay away from Apollonia. Once you fall under her spell, I will lose you forever."

Renee opened the door to the car, entered, sat, and before she closed it said, "You have nothing to worry about Jon. If you tell me to stay away from her I will. The only thing I want from you is your love and unconditional positive responses to my requests."

Jon watched Renee close the door and knew he would be between her legs before and after he fucked her. If that is what it would take for him to keep her happy, then he'd accept licking his cum from her just fucked pussy. As he walked around the car to the driver's side, he resolved that he would accept Renee for who she was and if she kept her word, he just may allow her to be alone with Apollonia Moretti.